

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 4. NO. 15

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 171

ROBERT BRIDGES, ENGLAND'S POET LAUREATE

A little surprise was arranged for the literary world by Mr. Asquith in the appointment of a poet laureate whom few, if any, had considered a possibility. The London illustrated papers came out with full-page groups of pictures of Kipling, Noyes, Phillips, Hardy, Masefield, Watson and Mrs. Meynell as likely aspirants, and then Mr. Asquith handed the laurel to Mr. Robert Bridges.

Mr. Bridges comes of a distinguished English family, being the son of John Bridges of St. Nicholas and Walmer, in Kent, and a kinsman of the Rev. Thomas Edward Bridges, D. D., who was from 1823 to 1843 president of Corpus Christi college, Oxford. At Eton, and later at Oxford, Mr. Bridges was noted for his scholarship, but he found time to distinguish himself in athletics. He was an enthusiastic cricketer and oarsman. In 1867 he was placed in the second class in the Final School of Literature Humaniores. After leaving the university he spent a number of years in foreign travel, familiarizing himself, to an extent unusual for an Englishman, with life on the continent and in the far east.

On his return to London he became a student of medicine at St. Bartholomew's hospital, receiving, in due course, the degree of M. B. at Oxford. He then began the practice of his profession, being regularly attached to the staff of St. Bartholomew's hospital and of the Children's hospital in Great Ormond street. Retiring from practice in 1882, he married and left London for his beautiful rural estate at Yattendon, in Berkshire. Since that time he has devoted himself exclusively to literature, and particularly to poetry.

It may be that one of the reasons for the smallness of the company of

a fine poet and prose writer.

DODDLITTE KEPT HIS PROMISE OF RAIN

In the good old days before Dudley Doolittle, representative of the Fourth Kansas district, became famed as a weather prophet, his neighbors depended on the fluttering of the birds, the turning of leaves and barometers to tell them when it was going to rain. But that was before last Labor Day, when Doolittle came into his own.

On that day Doolittle, who is a Democrat, and Fred S. Jackson, his Republican opponent for congress, were to speak from the same platform at Lebo, Kan. Jackson, by choice, was to talk last.

It was a dreadfully hot and sultry day, but no worse than the whole state had experienced for many weeks. Half the farmers in the audience had given up their corn crops as lost on account of the drought. The sky was clear and the sun burned like a big coal of fire.

Dudley started to speak at exactly two o'clock. He looked at his watch and said:

"I promise you that within an hour we shall have rain. Therefore, I shall talk only 45 minutes so that Mr. Jackson may have a chance to say a few words."

"If it rains, we'll vote for you!" shouted many persons in the crowd.

Doolittle spoke 40 minutes and then turned to sit down. Before he reached his chair a torrent of rain began to fall. Not only was Jackson unable to speak that afternoon, but so great was the rainfall that his night meeting in the opera house was canceled, too.

And inasmuch as Doolittle kept his promise of rain, the crowd kept its promise of votes.

LORD KITCHENER'S NEW ELECTORAL SCHEME

Just before leaving Egypt recently for a visit in England, Lord Kitchener took a leading part in giving effect to a very important political reform in Egypt. It consists partly in the combination of the general assembly and legislative council into a new body, the legislative assembly, and partly in the institution of a new electoral system. The new legislative assembly has to some extent the right of initiating new legislation, and its numbers have been increased from thirty to eighty.

SECRETARY OF BIG FARM LABORERS' UNION

With the winning of the strike in Lancashire, England, farm labor trade unionism, at the practicability of which so many people had scoffed, shows itself as something of which account must be taken. The English Agricultural Laborers' union is steadily gathering in members in the most unlikely counties, and if it can win in a struggle in a district where the highest agricultural wages in England are paid, there seems to be every chance of its giving a satisfactory account of itself elsewhere. The difficulty of getting farm hands into a union is great, because the men live at great distances from one another, and because their

low wages make it impossible for them to subscribe more than five cents a week. As Mr. Edwards (the secretary of the union), an assistant secretary and two organizers receive in all about \$1,000 a year, the enthusiasts at the head of the organization are hardly leading it for what they can get out of it! In Scotland a farm servants' union is making some progress, and is able to publish a remarkable illustrated twenty-page monthly, the style and tone of which reflect no small credit on those directing the movement.

Telephone Wire.

There are 6,000,000 telephone stations in this country, and the amount of wire made use of will total at 12,000,000 miles. Some idea of what this total means may be grasped when we calculate that this length of wire could be wrapped around the earth 500 times and that it would make fifty separate lines from the earth to the moon, but there would not be half enough wire to reach from the earth to our nearest planetary neighbor.

Worth Remembering.

Always try to remember that it takes longer to correct a mistake than it does to make it.—Atchison Globe.

Circus Catastrophe.

At the circus grounds many people wondered at the unusual delay, caused by the late arrival and a lack of sufficient workmen.

"They ain't goin' t' be no show to-day," said a live looking newsboy.

"Ain't goin' t' be no show? What fer?" anxiously queried another.

"Cause the elephant stepped on the concrete spot and they can't find the ground."

USE THE COLUMNS OF THE COURIER TO TELL THE PEOPLE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL.

Elderly people use Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets because they are mild.

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Pikeville, Ky.

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Entered as second class matter
April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West
Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March
3, 1879.

H. G. COTTLE, Editor.



Democratic Ticket.

For State Senator,
CHAS. D. ARNETT.

For Representative,
E. F. CECIL.

For County Judge,
S. S. DENNIS.

For County Attorney,
S. M. R. HURT.

For County Court Clerk,
REN F. NICKELL.

For County Superintendent,
JAMES W. DAVIS.

For Sheriff,
L. A. LYKINS.

For Jailer,
H. C. COMBS.

For Assessor,
A. O. PEYTON.

For Surveyor,
M. P. TURNER.

For Coroner,
OLIE B. NICKELL.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

1st district—James R. Day,
2nd district—J. M. Carpenter,
3rd district—J. M. Gevedon,
4th district—B. F. Blankenship,
5th district—W. C. Taubler,
6th district—T. S. McGuire,
7th district—D. M. Cox,
8th district—A. J. Fraley.

CONSTABLES.

1st district—W. E. Bentley,
2nd district—W. J. Griffiths,
3rd district—M. G. Wolfenbarger,
4th district—Bruce Petty.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Every good democrat in Morgan county ought to rejoice and give thanks. We have the best of reasons for feeling good and handshaking and congratulations ought to be the order of the day. There is now no cloud on the democratic horizon in "Old Morgan." The three gentlemen who had contemplated making independent races for county office have acted the part of men, which they surely are, and withdrawn their candidacies. It is now our opinion, based upon sound reasoning, that the republican candidates, seeing the inevitable, will shortly do likewise. They are good men and shrewd, and cannot fail to see the handwriting upon the wall. They have absolutely no chance to win and no one knows it better than they. Their time is too valuable for them to make a race against such odds. The democratic party in Morgan county was never more firmly united than at present. The little flesh wounds that were inflicted during the primary have all completely healed, not leaving so much as a scar. There is not a defeated candidate for a county office in Morgan county who will not go his full length for his successful opponent and for every nominee in the field. They are all democrats and they want the world to know it. This being the case what show has a republican to be elected in November? None. Then why would they continue the races? Again we express the opinion that they will not. We have too high an opinion of their intelligence to believe that they will.

CLOSED SEASON ON SQUIRRELS.

The open season for squirrels and rabbits came to an end last Monday, the 15th inst. Within the last few months thousands of squirrels and a great many young rabbits have been killed in this county. In fact the way

some men hunt is nothing short of slaughter. They spend three-fourths of their time in the woods armed with double-barreled, breech-loading shot gun, and so expert have they become that it is almost impossible for a squirrel to escape them.

Will they cease, now that the season is closed? The supposition is that they will not. Squirrel hunting has become a second nature to them and to stop hunting would be like taking morphine away from a dope fiend. Some of them will hunt or "bust." And this practice deprives the busy man of the chance of getting a mess of squirrels at the rare intervals he can take a few hours off in the open season.

The plea that squirrels destroy crops does not hold good any more. Once upon a time this was true, but conditions have changed. Since the law prohibiting stock from running at large in Morgan county has been in force nuts and acorns in abundance lie on the ground in the woods all winter, thus furnishing an ample supply of food for the squirrels throughout the entire year. The damage to crops by squirrels is too small to be considered.

It is to be hoped that the game wardens and others in authority will be diligent in the discharge of their duty and see to it that all violators of the game laws are brought to justice.

FOR JUST A FEW.

A few, a very few, candidates who were extended credit by the COURIER for job work and advertising before the primary, have failed to pay their bills since the election. To those few we will say: Don't get the idea that because you were defeated you will not be required to pay for the work we did for you. Our time and space is our stock in trade and from those we must get the weapons to guard the wolf from the door. Do you "ketch," you who still owe us? If you do not we will be obliged, according to our custom, to make your names public as we have had to do on a few occasions before.

If you don't want this thing to happen, the surest way to avoid it is to call and settle.

SHUN THEM.

Seest thou a man (or woman) diligent in attending to other people's business—mark them well. They are excrements upon the social organism—warts upon the body politic. They are, or should be, the red lights of society, warning the public of innumerable pitfalls into which a tumble is liable to be taken all unsuspected.

The only excuse a meddler has for living is the unintentional good that might be accomplished by their unwholesome example. It is said that nothing was created in vain; that in the economy of nature everything has its place. Perhaps 'tis true, but where, in God's name, can the meddler, the busy-body, the butinsky, be good for except to shame others, half-way inclined, and deter them from doing likewise?

Senators LaFollette and Pindexter, republicans, voted for the democratic tariff bill which passed the U. S. Senate recently, thus proving that there are some republicans who still hold patriotism above partisanship.

These two gentlemen, and especially Senator LaFollette, would make good democrats and they will be found in the ranks of the democratic party ere long, or we have missed our guess.

Memorial Services.

Memorial services for Elizabeth Cottle and W. W. Lewis (Rebel Bill) will be held at Bethany church, on War creek, the 3d Sunday in October, conducted by Elders W. L. Gevedon, L. A. Lykins and A. L. Gillum. There will be dinner on the ground for all who come.

Everybody invited.

Dr. A. P. Gullett will be at Dr. A. P. Gullett will be at Wrigley to do dental work, September 22-23-24-25-26, 1910.

After taking Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets children ask for "more candy."

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After taking Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets children ask for "more candy."

NANNIE WALTERS.

SCISSORS and PASTE
With an Occasional Cursory Comment by the Editor.

HUMAN RECIPE



W.M. TALBOT:
To a frightful stare, wild flying hair,
(He's really demented I fear),
Add an art quite new, and puzzling
too—
And behold this Futurist queer.

Backward, Turn Backward.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Give us a girl whose skirts are not tight.

Give us a girl whose charms, many or few,

Are not expressed by too much peek-a-boó;

Give us a girl, no matter what age,

Who won't use the streets as a vaudeville stage;

Give us a girl not too sharply in view—

Dress her in skirts that the sun can't shine through.

—Exchange.

Shucks!

If the West Virginian who has developed a plant which bears tomatoes on the stalks and potatoes on the roots can get it to produce greenbacks instead of leaves the cost-of-living problem will begin to have a useful aspect.—Courier-Journal.

HE'S ALREADY DEFEATED.

Governor McCreary has issued another letter to the voters of the State, concerning his candidacy for the Senatorial nomination. He is after the job strong and will be a hard man to defeat.—Winchester Democrat.

THE ANTIDOTE.

Chicago mail order houses are now flooding the mails with many tons of advertising matter. The best and about the only way to offset this is for the country merchant to flood his local paper with columns of advertising.—Hartford Herald.

IT MUST BE.

It may be that some authors write dialect stories just because they are such poor spellers.—Berea Citizen.

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"Shield Brand"
Suits
\$12.50

Others at
\$10.00 and \$15.00

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Made to suit the man who knows quality and value.

Sold By
E. HERY & SONS,
INDEX, KY.

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Because you have run out of cards and stationery?

LET US WORRY!
HERE'S A TIP—

Our Job Department will supply you with any kind of printing for private or business purposes.

This tip is worth your trial.

EXERCISE!

A person leading a quiet, sedentary life is healthy only by accident, unless he makes up for it by a little vigorous, open air exercise. Gram a locomotive fire-box with coal, without removing the cinders, and the engine will become so clogged as not to work properly. The body is exactly like a locomotive; if it is not exercised, the waste products accumulate and the result is disease. Moreover, judicious exercise shakes up the organs of the body and increases their activity; it keeps the muscles in condition to meet the extraordinary emergencies which may come to any of us; and, if taken heartily, diverts the mind from its ordinary cares and lets a man return with new vigor and refreshed spirits to his tasks.

Ninety per cent of the women who bother the doctors with all sorts of more or less vague complaints, need nothing but a loose dress, a hoe and a garden.—Kentucky Tuberculosis Commission.

NOTICE.

I have accepted the agency for the Naven Laundry, of Lexington, one of the best in the State, and I will call at your homes and get your laundry and deliver it back to you. All laundry sent in from the country can be left at the residence of J. D. Lykins and it will receive prompt attention. All work guaranteed. Give me your laundry on trial and same will be appreciated.

170-4 NANNIE WALTERS.

At the People's Store!

Our line is now practically complete in every department. Our new Fall goods opened up to our entire satisfaction. Never before have we been as well prepared to give you as

Big Values

for the money as we are today. We will tell you the secret of this in the next issue of the Courier.

From 2,500 pairs of SELZ SHOES everyone can find satisfaction. The last word in Shoe Satisfaction and Service is found in SELZ!

SHIELD BRAND CLOTHING!

Do you know what that means? Come in and let us show you our nifty Suits, Overcoats and Pants. Watch for our regular advertisement.

We can both please and surprise the most fastidious in our line of Ladies' Coats, Dress Goods and Trimmings.

We are headquarters for flour, feed, hardware, iron beds, springs, cots, mattresses, etc. Give us a call. It does not cost you a penny to look. Send the children, call us over the 'phone, or write us. We are here to

Index, Ky.

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Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY

Capital and Surplus \$300,000

Deposits over Half Million

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W. R. SPAR, CASHIER.

John McMann's

Hack Line

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[West Liberty, Ky.]

Office in Court House.

COTILE & HOVERMALE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

W. M. GARDNER,

LAWYER,

THE Melting of Molly

By ARIA THOMPSON DAVIES

1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

SYNOPSIS

A teller of the story, Molly Carter, a young widow, awaiting the return of Al Bennett, an old flame, who is now a distinguished diplomat, tries to reduce weight. Her physician, adviser and next door neighbor is Dr. John, a widower and father of young Billy, whom Molly loves.

Molly is surprised at play with Billy by Judge Wade, who is the most distinguished and able man in Hillsboro. Billy comes over from next door with his father.

Hillsboro receives a visit from Ruth Chester, a friend of Bennett, and Molly finds her delightful. Molly goes to the city for an outfit of clothing.

Molly has trouble in reducing her weight. Billy's singing of an old love song about "Molly" under her window brings tears to her eyes.

She flirts with Tom Pollard, her cousin, who is a "ladies' man." She decides to recruit Hillsboro society by giving a dinner. The doctor catches her eating forbidden jam.

Dr. John and Molly pay a visit to one of his patients, a young mother. She doesn't know whom she really wants to marry, but thinks she will accept Bennett. Tom invited Molly to a dance.

Of all Molly's dances the one with Dr. John pleases her most. Preparations for the dinner are under way. Bennett is almost here. In Hillsboro, Billy eats too much and becomes sick.

At the dinner, which is a great success, Molly receives a telegram from Bennett asking permission to come to Hillsboro immediately.

Judge Wade sends Molly a love letter, which Molly thinks is too long and formal. Billy tells Molly he and his father are going to Europe. Molly disputes the doctor's right to part her and Billy.

Dr. John suggests Molly's marrying Bennett and the couple go with him and his wife to Europe, whereupon Molly admits to herself that she loves the doctor. When Bennett comes she flees to the doctor's office for refuge.

The doctor and Molly admit their love for each other. He has been concealing his because he thought she was waiting for Bennett, whom Ruth loves.

"Try him, lover, and maybe he will tell you!" I couldn't help the tears that came to stop my words.

"Now, you see, Molly, how you'd cry with that kiss spot gone," he said, with an amused, manly, little tenderness in his voice that I had never heard before, and he cuddled his lips against mine in almost the only voluntary kiss he had given me since I had got him into his ridiculous little trousers under his blouse. "You can have most a hundred kisses every night if you don't say no more about not a-going and fix that white book for me quick," he coaxed against my cheek.

Oh, little lover, little lover; you didn't know what you were saying with your baby wisdom and your rust grimy little paddle burned the sleep place on my breast like a terrible white heat from which I was powerless to defend myself. You are mine, you are, you are! You are soul of my soul and heart of my heart and spirit of my spirit and— and thou ought to have been flesh of my flesh.

I don't know how I managed to answer Mrs. Johnson's call from my front gate, but I sometimes think that women have a torture proof clause in their constitutions.

She and Aunt Bettie had just come up the street from Aunt Bettie's house, and the Poldair cook was following them with a large basket in which were packed the things Aunt Bettie was contributing to the entertainment of the distinguished citizen. Mr. Johnson is Alfred's nearest kinsman in Hillsboro, and, of course, he is to be their guest while he is in town.

"He'll be feeding his eyes on Molly, so he'll not even know he's eating my Washington almond pudding with Thomas' old port in it," teased Aunt Bettie, with a laugh, as I went across the street with them.

"There's going to be a regular epidemic of love in Hillsboro, I do believe," she continued in her usual strain of sentimental speculation. "I saw Mr. Graves talking to Dell's Hawes in front of the store an hour ago as I came out from looking at the blue chintz to match Pet for the west wing, and they were both so absorbed they didn't even see me. That was what might have been called a conflagration dinner you gave the other night; Molly, in more ways than one, I wish a spark had set off Benton Wade and Henrietta too. Molly did it, but is just taking time slowly."

I think it would be a good thing just to let Aunt Bettie blindfold every unmarried person in this town and marry them to the first person they touch hands with. It would be fun for her and then we could have peace and apparently as much happiness as we are going to have anyway. Mrs. Johnson seemed to be in somewhat the same state of mind as I found myself.

"Humph," she said as we went up the front steps. "I'll be glad when you are married and settled, Molly Carter, so the rest of this town can quiet down into peace once more, and I sincerely hope every woman under fifty in Hillsboro who is already married will stay in that state until she reaches that age. But I do believe if the law married widows from grave number one to altar number two they would get into trouble and fust along the road. But come on in, both of you, and help me get this marriage feast ready, if I must! The day is going by on greased wheels, and I can't let Mr. Johnson's crutches be neglected. Al Bennett or no Al Bennett!"

And from then on for hours and hours I was strapped to a torture wheel that turned and turned, minute after minute, as if ground spice and sugar and orange creams and me relentlessly into a great suffering pulp. Could I ever in all my life have hungered for food and been able to get past the lump in my throat that grew larger with the seconds? And if Alfred's pudding tasted of the salt of dead sea fruit this evening it was from my unrepentant tears that dripped into it.

It was late, very late, before Mrs. Johnson realized it and showed me home to get ready to go to the train along with the brass band and all the other welcomes.

I hurried all I could, but for long minutes I stood in front of my mirror and questioned myself. Could this slow, pale, dead eyed, slim, drooping girl be the rollicking child of a Molly who had looked out of that mirror at me one short week ago? Where were the wings on her heels, the glisten in her curly hair, the laugh on her mouth and the devil in her eyes?

LEAF TWELFTH.

Melted.

SLOWLY at last I lifted the blue muslin twenty-three inch waist shroud and let it slip over my head and fall slimly around me. I had fastened the next button and was fumbling the next one into the buttonhole when I suddenly heard laughing, excited voices coming up the side street that ran just under my west window. Something told me that Alfred had come on the 5 o'clock down train instead of the 6 o'clock up, and I fairly raced to the window and peeped through the shutters.

They were all in a laughing group around him, with Tom as master of ceremonies, and Ruth Chester was

Please don't button me into his possession," I laughed under his chin. "I'm still scared to death of him and you haven't fed me yet!"

"Molly," he asked, this time with a heaven laugh, "where could you be more effectually hid from Al Bennett than in my arms?"

I spent ten minutes telling Billy what a hippopotamus really looks like as I put him to bed, but later, much as I should have liked to, I couldn't consume that horrible dinner that I had helped prepare at the Johnsons' in the shelter of John's arms, and I had to face Alfred. Ruth Chester was there, and she faced him too.

A man that can't be happy with a woman who is willing to "fulfill his destiny" doesn't deserve to be.

Then we came over here, and John had the most beautiful time persuading Aunt Adeline how a good man like Mr. Carter would want his young widow to be taken care of by being married to a safe friend of his instead of being flighty and having folks wondering whom she would marry.

"You know yourself how hard a time a beautiful young widow has, Mrs. Henderson," he said in the tone of voice that always makes his patients glad to take his worst doses. He got his blessing and me—with a warning.

A lovely night wind is blowing across my garden and bringing me congratulations from all my flower family. Flowers are a part of love and the wooring of it, and they understand. I am waiting for the light to go out behind the tall trees over which the moon is stealthily sinking. I promised to put it out right away, and I'm watching the glow that marks the place where my own two men creatures are going to rest, with my heart in full song.

He needs rest, he is so very tired and worn. He confessed it as I stood on the step above him tonight after he had taken his own good night from me on the porch. When he explained to me how his agony over me for all these months had kept him walking the floor night after night, not knowing that I was waiting for the breakfast she found them all done and the breakfast ready.

He took two good looks to take him all in and then I must have missed some of him, for all in all he was so large that he stretched your eyes to behold him. He's grown seven feet tall, I don't know how many pounds he weighs, and I don't want anybody else to tell me.

He had never thought enough about evolution to know whether I believed in it and women's suffrage, but I do now. I know that millions of years ago a great big distinguished hippopotamus stepped out of the woods and frightened one of my foremothers so that she turned tall and fled through a thicket that almost tore her limb from limb right into the arms of her own mate. That's what I did. I caught that blue satin belt together with one hand and ran through my garden right over a bed of savage tiger lilies and flung myself into John Moore's office, slammed the door and backed up against it.

"He's come!" I gasped. "And I'm frightened to death, with nobody but you to run to. Hide me, quick! He's fat, and I hate him!" I was that deadly cold you can get when fear runs into your very marrow and congeals the blood in your arteries.

"Quick, quick!" I panted. He must have been as pale as I was, and for an eternity of a second he looked at me, then suddenly heaven shone from his eyes and he opened his arms to me with just one word.

"Here?"

He held me gently for a half second, and then with a sob which I felt rather than heard, he crushed me to him and stopped my breath with his lips on mine. I understood things then that I never had before, and I felt that wise guardian angel take his fingers from mine and leave me safe at last. I raised my hand and pressed it against John's wet lashes until he could let me speak, and I was melted into his very breast.

"Molly," he said when enough tenderness had come back into his arms to let me breathe, "you have almost killed me."

"You?" I exclaimed, crowding still closer, and then with a sob which I felt rather than heard, he crushed me to him and stopped my breath with his lips on mine. I understood things then that I never had before, and I felt that wise guardian angel take his fingers from mine and leave me safe at last. I raised my hand and pressed it against John's wet lashes until he could let me speak, and I was melted into his very breast.

"Want you, Molly?" he almost sobbed, and I felt his heart pounding hard next to my shoulder.

"Yes, want me!" I answered, with more spirit than breath left in me. "I refuse to believe you are as stupid as I am, and anybody with even an ordinary amount of brains must have seen how hard I was fighting for you. I feel sure I left no stone unturned. Some of them I can already think back and see myself tugging at it and makes me hot all over. I'm foolish and always was, so I'm to be excused for acting that awful way, but you

are to blame for letting me do it. going to be your punishment for life for not having been stern and stopped me. You had better stop me somehow anyway, for if I go on loving you as I have been for the last few minutes it will make you uncomfortable."

"Peaches," he said after he had hustled me with another broken dose of love as large as he thought I could stand—I could have stood more—"I am never going to tell you how long I have loved you, but that day you came to me all in a flutter with Al Bennett's letter in your hand, it's going to take you a lifetime to settle for. You were mine—and Bill's! How could you—but women don't understand!"

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NEW PLAN ADOPTED

Department of Agriculture Revises System of Publications.

More Popular and Practical; Matter for Scientists to Be Circulated Only Through the Journal of Research.

Washington.—The secretary of agriculture announced the other day the new plan of publication work of that department. There has been an independent series of bulletins and circulars in each of the 13 publishing bureaus, divisions and offices of the department. These have been discontinued and will be superseded by the Journal of Research for printing scientific and technical matter, and by a departmental series of bulletins, written in popular language for selected and general distribution. By this plan the confusion that has resulted from the multiplicity of series of publications will be avoided, and the saving of a considerable sum will annually be effected.

Under the new plan the department will discontinue the general distribution of matter so scientific or technical as to be of little or no use to the lay reader. It will supply technical information only to those directly interested and capable of using scientific analyses, and of understanding the results of research work couched in scientific terms. A larger amount of information in popular form which the average reader can immediately apply to his own direct advantage, and thereby increase the agricultural productiveness and the health of the nation, will hereafter be distributed.

The highly scientific matter heretofore published indiscriminately in bulletins and circulars will hereafter be published only in the newly established Journal of Research, which will be issued about once a month. It will be royal octavo, of the scientific magazine type, from 75 to 100 pages, 12 numbers to constitute a volume. Such of the matter in the Journal as seems to merit additional circulation may be issued in the form of reprints or separates. The Journal, for the present at least, will be limited to the publication of the results of research made by the



David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture.

various bureaus, divisions and offices, but it may be extended to include the scientific research work of the state agricultural experiment stations, in which event two editors representing these stations will be added to the editorial committee. Extensive scientific articles, embodying a complete report of research investigations, will be considered as monographs, and may be published as supplements to the Journal.

Permission will be given to specialists to publish technical reports or even monographs in journals of scientific societies or technical magazines specializing in highly restricted field of scientific endeavor.

The Journal will be distributed free to agricultural colleges, technical schools, experiment stations, libraries of large universities, and certain government depositories and institutions making suitable exchanges; also to a restricted list of scientists. Copies of the Journal will be sold to miscellaneous applicants by the superintendent of documents, government printing office, and possibly an annual subscription price will be affixed, as is done with the Experiment Station Record.

The Monthly Crop Reporter will no longer be published. The crop statistics will be collected as heretofore, and telegraphic and news summaries of these statistics will continue to be issued to the press. The printed Crop Reporter was discontinued because if did not bring the information into the hands of the recipients until from 10 to 17 days after the really important news had been circulated by telegraph and printed in the daily press throughout the United States and Europe, the statistical information, therefore, reaching the actual crop correspondent and through him the local producer too late to be of practical service.

As a partial substitute for the printed Crop Reporter, a Weekly News Letter to crop correspondents will be issued in typewritten or other form. This can be prepared and put into the mail sooner than was possible with the Reporter.

The Experiment Station Record, the Weather Review and North American Fauna will continue to be issued with certain modifications.

The Yearbook will be restricted to articles of the magazine type, which it is believed, will add greatly to the popularity and value of the volume, of which 500,000 copies are printed and distributed annually.

The series of farmers' bulletins will be continued. The object of these bulletins is to tell the people how to do important things. The bulletins will contain practical, concise and specific and constitutional statements with regard to matters relating to farming, stock raising, fruit growing, etc. Under the new plan the bulletins will be

reduced in size to from 15 to 20 pages, and will deal particularly with conditions in restricted sections, rather than attempt, as heretofore, to cover the entire country.

Much of the information calling for immediate circulation will be issued hereafter in the form of statements to the press instead of being held back as heretofore for weeks until a bulletin could be printed and issued.

The publication of bulletins dealing with foreign crop statistics will be discontinued. Material of this character when deemed important will be furnished to the press for the information of the public.

Consideration is being given to the discontinuance of certain annual reports of bureaus now required by law to be printed, with the belief that much of the matter therein contained is unnecessary, while certain portions could be more advantageously and more promptly printed as bulletins of the department. All executive reports of chiefs are to be reduced with the object of confining them to business reports strictly.

The secretary of agriculture has designated three experts in veterinary science meat inspection and public sanitation to inspect and report upon meat-packing establishments operating under federal supervision at various points in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Missouri and Illinois. It is the purpose of the secretary to extend this work, and to secure for these inspections the leading authorities in the country, with the idea that such action will foster confidence of the public in the meat inspection work. Those already authorized are as follows:

Dr. W. T. Sedgwick, professor of bacteriology and sanitary engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, to inspect the federally inspected establishments at Boston, Worcester and Brightwood, Mass., and New Haven, Conn.

Dr. V. A. Moore, professor of pathology, New York State Veterinary college, Cornell University, Ithaca, to inspect and report on conditions in the meat-packing establishments at Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo and New York.

Dr. J. W. Connaway, Missouri Agricultural College, Columbia, Mo., to inspect and report on conditions in the meat-packing establishments of Kansas City, St. Louis, and St. Joseph, Mo., and National Stockyards, Illinois.

The secretary's instructions to each of these experts reads as follows:

"With a view of safeguarding public health and maintaining the highest degree of efficiency in the meat inspection service of this department, it is my desire that you report directly to me fully and frankly the conditions as you find them at the various packing establishments, together with such recommendations looking to the improvement of the service as in your judgment may seem best."

This new inspection of meat-packing establishments by outside experts, under temporary assignment by the government, will in no way supersede or lessen the work now being done by the bureau of animal industry. The idea, according to the secretary, is simply to have the inspection and regulatory work checked up by competent authorities who will report directly to the secretary.

Fewer penitents, tortured by the "still small voice," confessed and surrendered "conscience money" to the federal government during the fiscal year 1913 than for many years. The "conscience fund" received during the twelve months ending June 30 totaled only \$2,814,44, the lowest amount since 1901 and comparable with a hundred-year average of \$4,200.

That fund is the only official index to scruples, but no treasury official attempts to explain the decrease in restitution of money received from the government by fraud or error.

During the last hundred years the government has received conscience contributions aggregating nearly a half million dollars, the exact figures up to June 30 last being \$43,615.69. The remarkable fund was established during President Madison's administration in 1811, when the first contribution of \$5 was received. The largest amount ever received in one year was \$355,868 in 1902, and the greatest individual contribution of \$18,669.60 was made to the collector of customs in New York more than a decade ago by an unidentified person, who probably had defrauded the government of tariff duties.

Treasury officials surround the fund with a certain degree of sacredness. Usually the penitent sends his contribution anonymously, but if he signs his name his secret is locked in the archives of the government. It is the one place in the federal establishment where a contrite sinner may make confession and amends without the slightest danger of prosecution.

They Mean Nothing to Him.
One good thing about a man is that he never judges a woman by the price of the curtain she has at the windows.

Are You a Woman?

Take Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills give great relief.

Figures of 8-cent.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE

CONTAINING HONEY AND TAR

Nervousness causes great suffering. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills give great relief.

INSANE ARE CLEVER BELIEVE IN SIGNS

Many in Asylums Earn Excellent Salaries.

There Are Scores of Lunatics Who Are Good Artists, and Some of Them Make Big Incomes by Their Art—Work Is Unreliable.

"I am sure," said a well-known mind doctor, in an interview with the New York Press, "you would be amazed at the clever work that is done by hundreds of men and women who are hopelessly insane. Some of it at least is as good as that done by some people who earn large incomes.

"Among my patients today is one man whose skill with the brush would almost surely qualify him for high rank if he were only in possession of his senses. There are few of the great exhibitions which do not contain one or more of his canvases, and he has often received as much as \$500 for a picture. And yet this man is as mad as a hatter, the victim of terrible delusions and subject to violent homicidal attacks.

"Naturally, his work is unreliable. One week he will produce a masterly and beautiful picture, with genius in every line of it. The next he will paint the most weird picture, perfectly nightmare in color which, curiously enough he always considers a masterpiece.

"And this man is no exception, for there are scores of lunatics who are quite excellent artists, and many of them make good incomes by their art. Several years ago an exhibition of pictures, the work of insane patients of the Bethlehem Royal hospital, was open to the public, and I can assure you many of them are beautiful works of art.

"There are hundreds of other lunatics who are just as skillful in music and literature. One of my own patients, who is hopelessly mad on one subject, and who is a perfect musical genius, has composed operas and symphonies and scores of songs which have won considerable fame for him and have brought him a small fortune. And I know of many other insane men and women who earn small and regular incomes in the same way.

"There are, similarly, hundreds of the insane who make a hobby, and sometimes a very profitable one, of writing. Indeed, many of our asylums have magazines which are almost entirely the work of the patients.

"Even in our public asylums there are hundreds of patients who make money by skilled work of one sort or another. Thus, in a county asylum I know well one man who does the most exquisite water color sketches, for which he receives from \$15 to \$50 each, and he has a market for as many as he can produce. Unfortunately, like so many mad artists, he is often unable or unwilling to finish a picture, and thus at least four-fifths of his work is wasted.

"Another patient, a former sea captain, spends his time in making the most perfect tiny models of ships, carved with infinite skill and pains from bone or ivory, for each of which he gets \$5 to \$10. For one very elaborate and beautiful model of a cathedral he was paid as much as \$150, and it was certainly very cheap at the price. A third patient in the same asylum earns many dollars a year by cutting the cleverest silhouettes out of colored paper.

"Other patients are equally skilled in a very wide range of industries, from inventing toys and puzzles to making watches and picture frames, and from breeding canaries and mice to raising flowers. One very ingenious man actually made a clock, with no other material than pins, buttons, iron beds, laths and pieces of knitting needles.

"The women, too, are just as clever as the men. I know one demented woman who writes the most charming letters for children, and verses for Christmas cards, another who makes a good income, in her lucid hours, by illustrating books, and a third who draws several hundred dollars a year from royalties on her plays. And there are countless women in our public asylums who earn money in scores of ways, such as knitting, lace making, straw plaiting and leather work."

Watered Stock.

A milkman in a country town not far from New York was brought before the local court to answer a charge of adulteration of milk.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with a most serious offense, of selling adulterated milk. Have you anything to say in answer to the charge?"

"Well, your worship," answered the milkman, "the night before it was raining very hard, and the only cause I can give is the cow must have got wet through."—Harper's Weekly.

Hurrying Home.

Years ago, when there were only wooden sidewalks in the City of Winnipeg, Canada, holes were bored in the planks to let the water run through.

In the morning twilight a policeman found a man with the tip of his wooden leg in one of these holes and hurriedly walking around it.

"What are ye doing here?" asked the policeman.

"'Gway offish," said the man. "Got to get home before the old lady wakes up."—Everybody's.

Figures of 8-cent.

That the "pen is mightier than the sword" is amply proven in the recent purchases of an old book for \$6,000 and the saber of Napoleon for \$35—Salt Lake Herald

CLUBBING OFFER.

The Courier has made arrangements by

which it can furnish you six publications

for a little more than the price of one.

Licking Valley Courier, regular price, \$1.00

Farmer and Home, " " " .50

Southern Poultry Journal, " " " .25

The Welcome Guest, " " " .25

Gentlewoman, " " " .25

Spirited Moments, " " " .25

Total, " " " \$2.75

All of these, one year, for \$1.50

AT THE NEW STORE

Turk Superstitious Regarding Triumph of Christianity.

Column of Black Marble or Basalt in Mosque, Shows Sympathy When Christian Enters, by Sweating or Weeping.

Many superstitions beliefs are held by Mohammedans about the final triumph of Christianity over Mohammedanism. Such beliefs are very widespread throughout the Turkish empire as well as in Asia Minor.

In Damascus tourists are shown a little tower, part of a great mosque which was destroyed by fire many years ago in which there is believed by the Turks to be a copy of the gospel. They believe that when the tower is opened and the holy book revealed Christianity will once more become the dominant religion of the country. Consequently the tower, which could not be entered without the help of a ladder and which is said to be hermetically sealed, is guarded day and night by Turkish soldiers.

At Jerusalem also the famous golden gate is built up so that none can pass it, because there is a belief that through it a Christian prince will enter and proclaim the triumph of the Christian religion.

At Constantinople, when visitors to the mosque of St. Sophia were admitted to the gallery—which is not permitted now, as the building is said to be unsafe—they were shown a little fast locked door through which, it is said, a priest who was in the act of dispensing the holy sacrament fled, bearing the sacred elements with him, on the news being brought to him that the Turks had succeeded in entering the city. There he is said to remain to this day, waiting for the return of the Christian to power, when he will come forth and finish the sacred rite.

At Balki-ll, a place close to Constantinople, there is a miraculous healing fountain, to which every year on a certain day crowds of people suffering from horrible diseases resort for healing, either coming themselves or being brought by their friends. A great fair is held at the same time, at which thousands of people who do not require a cure gather to enjoy themselves with the games and shows, feasting and making merry.

There is in the neighborhood both a Greek and an Armenian hospital and also an Armenian church, as well as the Greek church in which is the healing fountain. The story is to the effect that a priest was in the act of grilling some fish for his dinner when word was brought to him that the Turks had captured Constantinople.

The priest, instantly preparing to flee, tossed the fish from his gridiron into the fountain, with the command to remain there till the Turks were driven from the city. The fish, faithful to this charge, may be seen in the fountain to this day, with the marks of the gridiron on one side—for they were only half done when they were returned to the water.

"One of the two visits I paid to Balki-ll," writes Lady Ramsey in the Sunday School Times, "I certainly saw fish in the fountain, but the light was too dim for me to make out whether there were marks of the gridiron on them or not.

"On the day of healing the water is drawn from the fountain by attendant priests and poured into two large casks, from which the people take it in cuds or other vessels brought by themselves and pour it over their sore heads, arms or legs, as the case may be. Often the water runs back into the casks as they bend over them, but they and the rest of the crowd go on dipping and drinking and laving all the same.

"It is a disgusting sight, and the church is filled with steam, from their wet clothes and bodies and stinks with evil odors. It is not only Christians who seek a cure in this Christian church—Turks, and I believe Jews also, frequent it. Of course, it is only the ignorant of any race who do so.

"At Ak-Hissar, a town which now occupies the site of Thyatira, one of the seven churches of Asia, there is a mosque that was originally a church in Byzantine times. A minaret has been added to it to complete its transformation into a mosque. On the point of the minaret we noticed that there was a metal ornament in the form of a cross inclosed in a circle, and inquired of the imam—Mohammedan priest—how such a thing came to be there.

"He replied that the mosque having been originally a Christian church, it was necessary to have the Christian symbol to protect the minaret, which had been in danger of falling. Inside the building was a column of black marble or basalt standing by itself, and the imam informed us that whenever a Christian entered the place the column showed its sympathy by sweating or weeping. He maintained that it was doing so at that moment and, rubbing it with his hand, asked me to observe that its palm was wet! It was. I can't deny it. Nor do I pretend to explain it."

In 1933.

"And so they have decided to get a divorce. What a pity."

"It is a pity. But what can they do? It's just another one of those cases of too much father-in-law."

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